He is within with twoo reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing them then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule,
Happy were England, would this graciour prince
Take on him selfe the soueraignty thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,
What sayes your Lord?
Cat. My Lord he wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory I am my noble cousen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit. Cat.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Bishops aloft.
Maior. See where he stands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince:
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous

Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious
Lend fauourable eares to my reque
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christia
Glo. My Lord, there needs no suc
I rather do beseech you pardon me
Who earnest in the seruice of my G
Neglect the visitation of my friends
But leauing this, what is your Graes
Buc. Euen that I hope which ple
And all good men of this vngouern
Glo. I do suspect, I haue done som
That seeme disgracious in the Citie
And that you come to reprehend m
Buc. You haue my Lord: would
At our entreaties to amend that fa
Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a
Buc. Then know it is your fault th
The supreame Seate, the Throne m
The Sceptred office of your Ancest
The lineall glory of your royall Ho
To the corruption of a blemisht sto
Whilest in the mildenesse of your s
Which here we waken to our Cou
This noble Ile doth want his prope
Her face defac't with scars of infam
And almost shouldred in this swallo
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke o
Which to recouer we hartily solici
Your Gracious selfe to take on you
Not as Protector, Swteard, Substit
Nor lowly Factor for an others gai
But as successiuely from blood to bl
Your right of birth, your Emperie,
For this consorted with the Cittizer
Your worshipfull and very louing fr
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust sute come I to moue you
Glo. I know not whither to depar

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